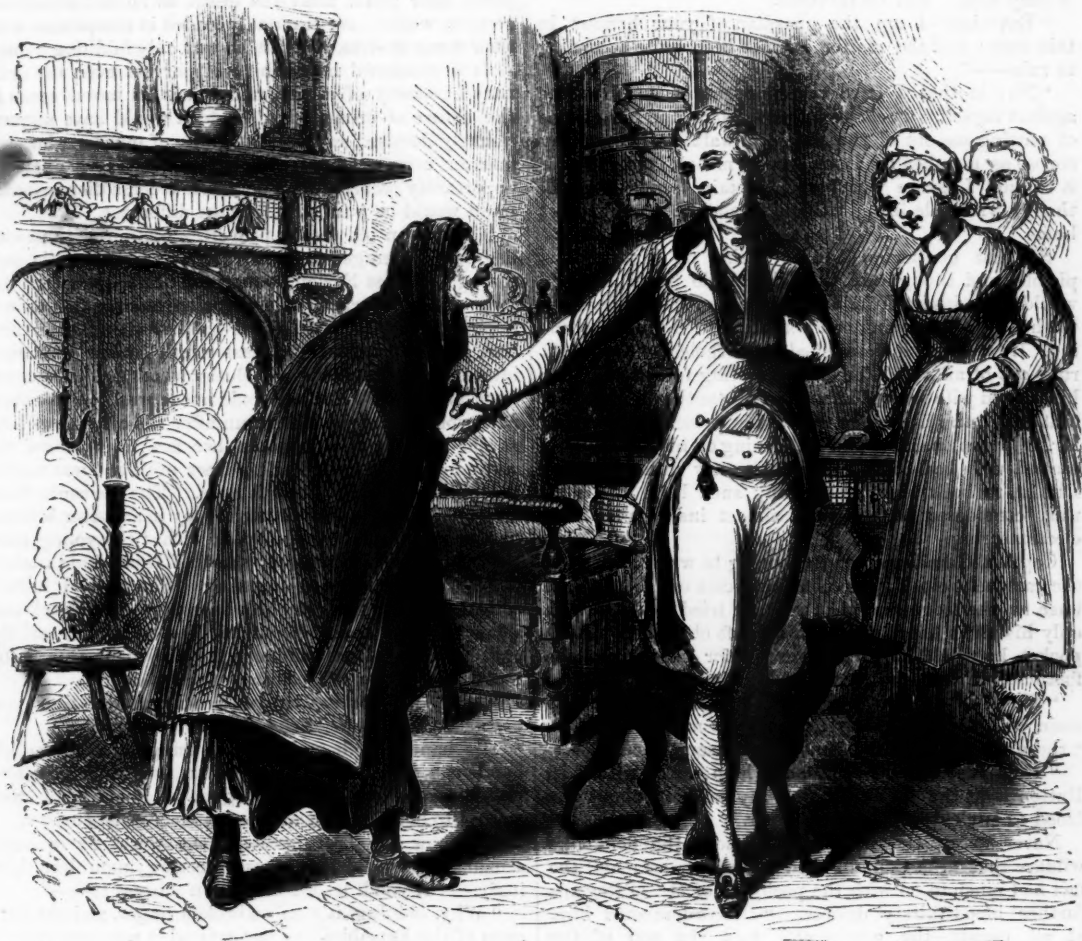


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



OLD JUG SALUTES MASTER GERALD.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XXVII.—OLD JUG'S REQUEST.

THE people ran and crowded over the fences at that exciting sight. Two gentlemen in a position to commit murder was not an every-day occurrence at Doon. The coachman and footman of the Butler carriage, having bribed a "gossoon" to hold the horses, pressed forward in their blue and silver-laced liveries to the front close by that bent old man in the corner of the field who had muttered the remark about the silver bullet, and whose

ragged hat was crushed down so as nearly to conceal his countenance.

The seconds, after a whispered word with their principals—probably some murderous direction, such as "aim low"—retired a few steps; and Mr. Waddell gave the signal to fire.

Only one pistol exploded; and through the smoke all the straining eyes could see that both parties were still standing. Captain Gerald had merely thrust his left hand into his pocket, when the smoke cleared away.

Amid breathless stillness he raised his pistol. "I stated that I had no desire to shoot Mr. O'Regan; I have

permitted him to have a shot at me because he believed himself insulted. I don't know whether he will deem the insult aggravated by what I say now; which is, that I adhere to my former declaration concerning his conduct on the hustings; and, at the same time, having once placed my life in his power as reparation, I have no intention of doing so again. I can have no quarrel with him; I fire in the air."

Nevertheless, Mr. O'Regan took it upon himself to be very wrathful; to talk a good deal about injured honour, and the like, and declare himself not at all satisfied, as yet.

"Let us go," said Captain Gerald. "He must excuse me. Come home to breakfast, Waddell; the morning is very cold;" and he shivered.

"But—but—I am the guardian of your honour in this case; and the matter has not been quite according to rule——"

"No; in that I gave my opponent every advantage against myself. Perhaps he would like another chance of putting me out of the way, and walking in over my corpse as member for Doon; but I'm not going to give it to him, I assure you!" and Captain Gerald laughed, though with pale lips. "Come, Waddell; I want to get home."

So that gentleman had to gather up his precious pistols, and thought of the other little brass plate he would have inserted, in addition to the list of dates on the handles, containing mention of this November morning. He was much dissatisfied, nevertheless. "Out of all rule, out of all rule," he kept repeating to himself; but his limited wits showed him no way from the dilemma but that which the imperious will of his principal indicated. Mr. O'Regan chafed to and fro, leaning on his tall military second, who had indeed come expressly with him from Dublin, to back him through any such little affairs as this, considered at the time almost inseparable from electioneering.

Captain Gerald was endeavouring to wrap himself in the cartouche cloak (which had been cast on a blackthorn bush at the beginning), but, as he tried to do it with only his right hand, and kept the left obstinately in his pocket, he would have failed, except for the help of the footman, who stepped forward from his corner.

"Sir—sir," exclaimed the man, beholding the crimson stain which was working through his master's clothes, "there's blood—you've been wounded somewhere!"

"Hold your tongue, sirrah, and help me on with this. Button it at the throat—there! say nothing about the blood to anybody—'tis only a finger."

Nevertheless, the news spread about the field like wildfire that "the Captain" had been wounded; and the fact had much to do with the pacifying of Mr. O'Regan's further blood-thirsty desires. "I have punished him, at all events—the aristocrat!" said the son of the people. "He will know what he is to expect if ever again he should dare to insult the majesty of the nation!" And this was the burden of a short speech he made from the earthen wall to his adherents, while his rival was retiring across the fields to the waiting carriage. Somehow the speech was no great success, and the applause was but feeble; owing to the chilling influence of the severe weather on political sympathies, or, perchance, because the crowd felt in their hearts that Captain Gerald had acted the more magnanimous part of the twain.

The latter had not reached the carriage when an old woman came hurrying from the outskirts of the gathering and intercepted him.

"Oh, Misther Gerald, acushla! is it thrue that yer wounded; that that vilyan of a counsellor dhruv a ball

through you? Let me look at it, me darlin'; sure, who'd have a betther right than yer own ould Jug, the foster-mother that rared ye? An', throth, ye look mighty pale intirely in yerself, alannuv. Oh, captin dear, 'tisn't a bad wound, is it?"

"Only a finger, old Jug. I do assure you; only a finger," he said. "I've bound it up in my handkerchief; 'twill do for the present; there's nothing to be alarmed about," said he, trying to escape from her.

"Keep off the woman; take her away," ordered Mr. Waddell, roughly. His temper was sorely ruffled by the unconstitutional ending of the duel in which he had taken part. But, supposing the principals had been savage enough to fire at each other a dozen shots, demanding pistol after pistol until the death, as he had sometimes seen, he would have tranquilly loaded in compliance with their fierce desires, and felt he was only fulfilling a duty.

It is wonderful how habit will pervert even the ordinary humanity of a man, and blind his moral sense to the nature of crime. Mr. Waddell would have unquestionably declared any peasant guilty of murder who shot another over a fence; and, except that in a duel the opportunity occurred for a double murder, a dispassionate mind would be puzzled to tell the difference.

There is an old Gaelic proverb—"Kindred to twenty degrees, fosterage to a hundred;" and the tie was strong in Myles Furlong's mother. She knew that her own son had lurked in a disguise among the crowd, hoping to see his hated foster-brother slain; she knew that she incurred his heaviest wrath by her continued interest in, and love for, the Butler whom she had nursed upon her knees. Yet she could not repress the yearning, poor woman, that made her run after the carriage as long as she could, and never turn her face from where the castle looked over the leafless trees until she was on the gravel drive before the windows. The servants were civil to her, and permitted her to stay in an outer kitchen by the fire until she could speak with "the young mather" himself; for nothing short of this would satisfy the faithful old creature's craving. She rocked herself to and fro, with her red cloak drawn over her head, and a low "croon" issuing from her lips, unheeding all the chat between helpers and hangers-on about her, until she heard her foster-son's voice.

"Well, old Mother Jug, you see I'm better than you expected, eh?"

His hand was bound up and hung in a sling; his handsome face, a shade paler than it had been before the loss of blood, was looking down upon her. She started to her feet, and dropped a reverential curtsy.

"I know the best herbs in the world for a cure, acushla," she said, her eyes lingering upon him, lovingly. "If you'll let me tend it an' dhress it——"

"Why, old Jug, it's only a broken finger, and the surgeon of the Fencibles has just spliced it up; and there's no need for any more dressing for a while. Just be satisfied with his doctoring, there's an honest woman; and be quite sure I'll not let myself die this time if I can help it."

"But young crathurs like you are mighty giddy, ashore; an', sure, don't I know how careless you are about yerself, Mather Gerald?"

"Shall I give you some money?" he interrupted. "Old Connor tells me you've taken up the calling of a goose-plucker, and wander about the country buying and selling feathers. Now, I don't like my nurse, one so publicly known for her connection with the family as you are, to be getting a livelihood in this rambling way. What's the reason you don't come here as usual, and get whatever you want? Bodkin has orders." And the captain's brow was contracted unpleasantly.

"Well, yer honour, Masther Gerald, I can't live at the forge, be rason of a little misfortun' that happened it, as dhruv me an' the boy Freney out on the world in a manner."

"What do you mean by a misfortune?" he asked, quickly.

"The roof to be burnt off ov it one fine night," she replied. "Be the same token, it's quare enough that it was the very night Misther Bodkin's hand got burnt, too."

There was a suppressed chuckle among the helpers and hangers-on standing by, who, though sycophants in the bailiff's presence, cordially hated him when it was safe to do so.

"Well," said the captain, with a short catch of his breath, "the roof shall be put on again. Connor, remind me to tell Bodkin to send thatchers up there to-morrow. And then I hope you'll stay at home, old lady, and keep your sons out of mischief these troublesome times."

"Throth, yer honour, Masther Gerald, the boys has a cleverness for gettin' into throuble that defies me entirely, entirely. It's only last night that Freney came home to me fairly kilt be the Counsellor's party; he was half-dead before wid playin' jigs for yer honour's vother's in Martin Dwyer's shebeen-house, an' the others caught him an' bate him whin he was comin' out. Oh, sorra taste of his four bones but's as black as yer shoe to-day. An' as to Myles, yer honour's own foster-brother, poor boy, he daren't show his nose at all; sure, there's warrants out after him since that little bit of a risin' in the summer."

"I remember. Well, if he will mix himself up with such things, he must take the consequences. I have no power to remit them; the law must deal with him. Good-bye now, old Jug!" and he extended his hand graciously to shake hers.

"Masther Gerald"—she held his strong white hand in her own pair of withered ones—"will yer honour allow yer poor old nurse, that often had you lyin', a wake wee shy baby, across her arm—will yer honour allow me a kiss of yer hand?"

He laughed; her yearning love was rather a bore to him. "What a question! Kiss away, of course, old Jug: few people have a better right;" and, nodding to her, he whistled to his dogs, and went out.

"I do believe the old lady cares for me more than for her own flesh and blood," he ruminated, going along to the stables. "I'll be bound she never wanted to kiss Myles the blacksmith's paw. Curious institution fosterage—isn't it? Relic of barbarism, I should fancy. Unpleasant, as binding the higher with the lower classes in an imaginary way. Something about it in the old Greek poets, isn't there?"

But his classical recollections, never very vivid, were becoming more and more dull with lapse of time; books were no pursuit of Captain Gerald's.

"It's a particular wonder to me," he said at last, "that she didn't inquire after little Una. Such a pretty child as that's growing up; she'll make a tolerable soubrette bye-and-bye—Evelyn's maid, I presume. Not an inch of the black-browed father in her—though she certainly favours me with a species of rabid dislike, which would be amusing enough were it not so persistent and implacable. Evelyn ought to teach her more Christian charity, at all events. Wonder if the parents reckoned on her being brought up a Protestant, and being taught to read the Testament, as I found her in Evelyn's boudoir the other day? Evelyn's grown quite an enthusiast on that subject."

He hesitated a moment, and there came a lull in his thoughts, as he looked at various segments of his life

which would not bear close inspection. The view was not pleasant; he shut it up, and turned away his eyes as quickly as might be.

"One thing is certain, she never will give herself to that rollicking, swaggering Waddell; I may make myself easy on that matter, though I own the fellow's presumption in thinking of her is enough to excite one. No, I don't know any one good enough for Evelyn—high or low, far or near. I used to fancy, long ago, that there was a boy-and-girl liking between her and Fergus Kavanagh; but of course all that is dead and buried. He, a penniless barrister, and only the son of a poor clergyman, could have no pretensions to the hand of Miss Butler of Doon; to say nothing of those opinions which he is more than suspected of holding as a freethinking politician, and which, were he a prince of the blood, would disqualify him in my father's eyes."

Having thus thought over sundry matters to his satisfaction, Captain Gerald went in to while away the time and the smart of his finger in the company of his favourite horses.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A STATE TRIAL.

THE Saturday and Sunday were periods of frightful exertion on the part of the Counsellor and his allies to whip up the poll. No stone was left unturned to secure a favourable issue. Tallies of voters were looked up, where at all doubtful in their adhesion, and guarded day and night jealously. Mr. O'Regan was hoarse from holding forth, and his mob hoarse from shouting responsively. He began with a great flush of success on the polling-day; and the non-electors, well primed and loaded by the oratory of the neighbouring chapels on the Sunday, were resolved to prove their prowess and assert their freedom by putting down the freedom of everybody else. Nevertheless, surely as a tide creeps up the shore, did Captain Gerald's minority creep up upon the Counsellor's majority, narrowing it, overwhelming it, leaving it nowhere when the assessor's books were closed.

Mr. O'Regan avenged himself in a stinging speech. For the thousandth time had Ireland demonstrated herself to be down-trodden, crushed beneath the tyranny of a Saxon oligarchy (he was not particular now as to being comprehended by the people, for his address was veritably to the Congress of United Irishmen in Dublin, his employers). Ireland had preferred the descendant of the stranger and the alien to the descendant of her own ancient kings; and the eyes of the world were looking scornfully at Ireland that day—more particularly the eyes of America and of a neighbouring nation (by which periphrasis was indicated France), and wondering how long she would wear her chains and smile in her fetters: with more to the same purpose, well interlarded with cheering and groaning.

The successful candidate returned thanks in a few commonplace words, and, in his regal good humour, announced an amnesty to all the subjects on his father's estates who had been misguided enough to vote for his opponent. A scathing scowl dwelt on Mr. O'Regan's brow, and a curl on his lip, at this additional proof of the slavery of the constituency which he had in the previous week declared free and glorious, but which, being now decided against him by a majority, was in worse than Cimmerian darkness and Egyptian bondage.

So the election was over; and Captain Gerald posted up to Dublin in the family carriage, bearing the news of his own return. It was no surprise to himself; he had never doubted his success all along, even when the adversary's exertions were most spasmodic. Territorial

weight must carry the day, he had always affirmed; but there had never been a contest against the will of the Butler lord paramount on any former occasion. And even this was considered a point gained by the Back-lane parliament which sat in Dublin, and had been the means of gaining the elective franchise for Roman Catholics in the spring of this self-same year—1793.

Colonel Butler of Doon was more chafed by the opposition than pleased by the victory. The constitution of the country must be coming to pieces, when it was possible for a gentleman to be thus bearded in the heart of his own estate. For he considered that the political powers of his tenants were as much his appanage as their rents. The ill-judged Relief Bill of last session had done it all; had introduced an element of discordance which must finally ruin Protestant ascendancy. So did the colonel hold forth to his son, the new M.P., in his study at the back of the family mansion in Stephen's Green.

"There's no saying where it will end, sir," he observed, irately, as he paced up and down. "They have opened a sluice which may let in a drowning deluge; and that in obedience to pressure from an illegal body—for as such I look upon the Back-lane parliament, sir."

Captain Gerald, smothering a yawn with his uninjured hand, muttered that he had never understood exactly what the Back-lane Parliament was.

"Not understood, sir?" His father came to anchor for a moment in front of him. "That proceeds from your culpable habit of ignoring all political questions, sir; but, now that you are a member of the Legislature of the realm, sir, I will hope for better things." Captain Gerald looked listless, as his eyes strayed to the dreary strip of town-garden at the back of the house, whereinto the study window cheerfully looked out.

"Then you must know, sir, that the Catholics of this realm, not satisfied with the humane government under which they live, and ungratefully agitating against it—(as if that very power of agitation were not a proof of their perfect liberty, forsooth!)—and not remembering that the many rebellions and massacres perpetrated by their forefathers had rendered the penal laws a mere measure of safety—chose to ape the Legislature, and assemble a body of delegates after the French model, duly elected throughout the country from the lowest of the populace. These persons," added Colonel Butler, after pausing for a suitable epithet, and finding none more applicable than this neuter expression—"these persons, thus illegally—as I maintain—elected, met in the Taylors' Hall of this city a year ago; drew up a petition to his Majesty, containing a most audacious statement of grievances, to which his Majesty was advised to lend a too favourable ear, and, further, advised to recommend from the throne that measures should be adopted for relieving Roman Catholics still more."

"I know all about the Relief Bill that followed," said the captain, fearful that he was about to have the whole history detailed. "And I never saw it so pernicious a measure as I do now, when it risked my seat," he added, with a laugh.

"Insufferable, sir! perfectly insufferable, that we are to be bearded in our own borough, by a—a—nonentity—a briefless counsellor—a demagogue, like this O'Regan. It is something unheard of in the annals of the kingdom, sir; and I hope may not prove the beginning of the end, sir!" Colonel Butler pursed out his lower lip portentously, as he paused before his son.

"Certainly," said Captain Gerald, uttering the platitude impressively, "we live in dangerous times."

"Never were stormier, sir," responded his father,

gloomily. "The country is like the crater of Vesuvius as I saw it once when I was a young man, and made the grand tour; all heaving and throbbing—no knowing where it will break and let out the imprisoned fire."

"I wonder what Government will do about that last proclamation from the Society,* calling on the volunteers to arm in defence of the liberties of the people? It is rather violently worded; I dare say an indictment would lie?"

"Last night it was reported that an information would be filed *ex officio* by the Attorney-General against Archibald Hamilton Rowan, who signed the production as chairman or secretary of the Society. I don't know whatever induced that man to put himself in such a position—a person of his high character and fortune!"

"I thought I had heard of Simon Butler as their chairman," observed Captain Gerald; "and Napper Tandy as secretary?"

"But they were arrested for breach of privilege, and Tandy, having escaped in the first instance, had some dodging about during last session, suffering himself to be taken into custody just half an hour before Parliament was prorogued, in order that he might be liberated in due form. Now he's gone abroad for his country's good, finding Ireland too hot to hold him; but Hamilton Rowan has taken his place. I'm sorry for it; I hoped better things of Rowan. A misplaced enthusiasm every whit; like that of our friend Fergus Kavanagh."

Captain Gerald pricked up his ears at the familiar name.

"He's in town then?"

"Yes; I asked him why he didn't stay at Doon, and help you to win your battle, and he replied that you were quite sure to win without his aid; yet I own I should have been better pleased to see the son of my old friend the rector standing by you at such a crisis."

"We did very well without him, sir," was the observation of the new M.P., between whom and the young barrister there was not much congeniality. He must take note of whether Fergus was much here—much with Evelyn.

Captain Gerald took his seat in form on the 21st of January, when the session was opened in all pomp and state by the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Assembled in that noble chamber, which is still tapestried by the battle of the Boyne, and contains the empty gilded throne of the defunct legislature, as a thing for show, the peers and commons of Ireland listened to the vice-regal address, assuring them that the spirit of insurrection was, in general, suppressed (Colonel Butler shook his iron-grey head), and that no exertion on the part of the Executive should be spared "to prevent and punish the machinations of those who might aim to seduce the people from their accustomed loyalty into acts of sedition and outrage." Colonel Butler shook his head again dissentiently at the phrase "accustomed loyalty"; he knew that this was no correct representation of the temper of the people.

The addresses from both Houses, in reply, caused very little discussion; and Captain Gerald had nothing to do for some time in his senatorial capacity but lounge on the benches for a while every evening. A more interesting matter than the opening of the session was engaging all thoughts in this month of January, 1794. The trial of Archibald Hamilton Rowan was fixed for the 28th; and, as a contest between the Government and the powerful Society of United Irishmen, the result was

* Of United Irishmen.

looked for with the greatest interest. Rowan was no lay figure of a conspirator, nor a mere vulgar enthusiast risen from the ranks of the mob. He was a gentleman of position and property, joining the popular party from a conviction that their struggle for further liberty was just and right. Rather in the knight-errant style of character, eager to redress wrong wherever he saw it, he was easily led into indiscretions which a cooler temper would have avoided; he was the champion of the oppressed everywhere, and got himself into frequent troubles by this disinterested bent of mind.

Fergus Kavanagh was an eager listener to the whole state trial, as may be supposed. He sympathized heartily with the noble-looking prisoner, who was proved neither to have written nor circulated the address for which he was prosecuted as a libeller, and suspected of high treason. Yet he would not shield himself by any defence which could criminate others; he had signed the objectionable paper—he would manfully abide the consequences. Two words in it gave occasion to one of the noblest passages in the oratory of any age, for the prisoner's counsel was John Philpot Curran.

The little man, with the wondrous star-like eyes lighting his mobile Celtic countenance, had caught an inspiration from those two fortunate words—"Universal Emancipation!"

"Yes," exclaimed Curran; "I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation! No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted on the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, that altar sinks in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty, his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him, and he stands disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation!"

The court drew a long breath after that burst of eloquence. Even Lord Clonmel, Chief Justice, and the clever advocate's bitter foe, could scarce suppress his symptoms of admiration. But, notwithstanding all that Curran's rhetoric could do, and the total insufficiency of evidence to prove publication on the part of the prisoner, Rowan was found guilty, fined £500, and sentenced to an imprisonment of two years; while the real author, afterwards prosecuted, was acquitted, and the man who really distributed it was never even indicted! What wonder, then, that Hamilton Rowan gained the *éclat* of a political martyr!

SERVANTS AND "CHARACTERS."

It has been one of our social grievances for many years past that the supply of good and efficient domestic female servants does not keep pace with the demand for them. There is no room for doubt in this matter; the complaint is in everybody's mouth; good, honest, reliable service is inquired for in the columns of every newspaper, in the placards of numerous register offices, and is constantly sought by individual effort; while the general response is, that it is almost impossible to be had. Some of the causes of this prevailing deficiency are sufficiently

obvious, and are not unworthy of attentive consideration. Independent of the factory system, which, for the last half century and more, has absorbed multitudes of girls and young women, increasing from thousands to hundreds of thousands, and not only withdrawing them from service, but incapacitating them for it, as has been made dismally manifest under the dilemmas of the cotton famine—independent of this, there are other causes connected with manufactures continually operating to the same result. In the large manufacturing establishments in London, and in the hives of industry in the northern counties, there has been for years past a gradual but constantly progressive increase in the use of female industry, and in the adaptation, by means of machinery, of occupations, formerly followed by males, to the capacities of females. Thus, in the Potteries we find women and girls engaged in moulding, pressing, glazing, dressing the biscuit, and painting and polishing the finished wares. In Redditch they co-operate with the needle-makers. In Sheffield they are employed by hundreds, under one roof, in various departments of steel manufactures. In Birmingham we meet them by thousands; they make all the steel pens we write with, all the buttons we wear on our garments, all the gold chains that glitter in our dress circles, and a huge catalogue of useful things besides which no household can be without. In London it is much the same; they make lucifers, vestas, night-lights; they polish plate, they prepare potted meats and pickles; they bind books; they print books; and they do countless things besides, which twenty or thirty years ago were done by men and boys.

Now, the tendency of all these employments which in our time have been made available to women, and for which, no doubt, society has reason to be profoundly grateful, is to draw off from domestic servitude the most intelligent and capable of the class who would otherwise embrace it as a means of living. That this is the effect, no one can doubt who has visited our manufacturing centres, and seen the class of female operatives there employed. Many of them earn wages approximating to those of journeymen, and the rapid dexterity they show in their nice manipulations is often such as could scarcely be rivalled by male workers. We are not to blame these female workers for the path they have chosen for themselves; if, by so electing to lead an independent life, they have assisted in putting us to our shifts, that is our lookout—not theirs.

Whether any other causes, and what they are, have conspired with the above to bring about the present state of things, does not appear; but two things are evident in regard to domestic servitude in the present day: one is, that we have a less reliable class from which to select our servants than our forefathers had; and the other is, that the contract between servants and employers is not regarded by either party in the light in which it used to be regarded. The female servants of our time are chiefly the children of labourers in town or country, of journeymen or artisans, or of small struggling tradesmen and shopkeepers, with a pretty large admixture of the daughters of Irish cotters, and of English workhouse girls. Of too many of them it may be said that they accept service as a last resort, and do not enter it from choice. They are not prepared by their antecedents for the duties they undertake; and it is stating the fact mildly to say that, as a rule, they gain their qualification—if they ever do become qualified—at the expense of their employers. Then, the old-fashioned connection of the servant with the household, which in a manner bound up her destinies with those of the family, is no

longer recognised. The servants of to-day do not identify themselves with the interests of their employers—they rather stand up and do battle for their own rights; they care little about the permanency of their engagements, and much about perquisites, and vails, and privileges, and are always eager and anxious to "better themselves," without much discrimination as to the meaning of the phrase. Unfortunately for the young and inexperienced, there exists in London, and in most large towns, a large and unprincipled class who live by the petty pilferings and peculations of servant girls. These harpies are ostensibly small shopkeepers—green-grocers, potato-dealers, or wood-merchants—but, in addition, they are the receivers of stolen goods, and will buy anything, from a candle-end to a bottle of wine from the bin, or a diamond ring from the toilet-table, "and no questions asked." So bold are these miscreants, that they will introduce themselves to new comers, and open the eyes of the unsophisticated to their "advantages," as they are pleased to term it; that is, will teach them to what amount they may plunder their employers without risk of detection. It is not at all uncommon for a "fence" of this class to keep a private room, with lock-ups, for the accommodation of his kitchen friends, whither they can resort to dress themselves in grand style when they have their "day out," and can quietly resume their ordinary dress before returning home. Other tempters are the respectable (?) tradesmen who serve the house, who privately tender a per-centage to cook or lady's maid upon the amount of bills which may be materially augmented by their complicity. Besides these positive influences for evil, there are others of a negative kind, arising out of the change of social and family customs. The old reverence for the Sabbath has given place to new feelings and practices; the day of rest, on which servants were at liberty to attend their places of worship, has become a day of feasting and conviviality, and for servants a day of extra labour—at least, this is the case in London and the provincial cities, where the week-days are devoted to commerce, and the Sundays to recreation. Then, where the old-fashioned plan of daily domestic devotions has fallen into abeyance, the morning and evening bell for prayers being no longer heard, this, perhaps, more than anything else, has operated to transform the familiar ties of duty and affection into a mere dry bargain for wage and service.

It is in such circumstances, and while at once exposed to temptation in various forms, and debarred from the good and wholesome influences which might enable them to resist it, that the characters of multitudes of domestic servants in our cities are formed;—and one need not wonder if they become proud, vain, pert, exacting, dishonest. Pride, and fondness, almost fanaticism, for dress, seem with many the besetting sin. An example of the prodigious folly to which this will lead, and which, we are assured by our informant, is but too common, may be cited in illustration. A nursemaid of five-and-twenty, with a first-rate character, of which, so far as the performance of her duties was concerned, she was really deserving, left her mistress's house one fine summer's morning to enjoy her customary quarterly holiday. "It happened," says the lady who gives us the account, "that on the same day, in the afternoon, I went alone to visit a flower-show in the neighbourhood. While wandering through the grounds, and examining the magnificent blossoms, I inadvertently asked a lady who was bending gracefully over it, if she could tell me the name of the curious plant she seemed to admire so much. The face turned round suddenly, and flashed upon me with the large black eyes

of Sarah —, my own nursemaid. There she stood, in a pale blue satinet, profusely expanded, a splendid shawl, a bonnet which I should not have been extravagant enough to buy for myself, from which hung a rich lace veil, while she held an azure-tinted sunshade between the tips of her lavender-gloved fingers. Blushing a deep scarlet, she pulled down her veil and walked away. She came home at a late hour, and I think had persuaded herself that she had not been recognised. I undeceived her in that respect, and asked her at once where she had dressed herself so fine, seeing that she had left the house in the morning in a neat printed gown. She refused to satisfy my curiosity, alleging that she did her duty well by me—which, indeed, I could not deny—and that I had no call to concern myself with her amusements out of doors. I replied that I thought I had, and, as kindly as I could, represented to her the absurdity of her conduct. That was *my* opinion, she said, not hers, and she should act upon her own judgment: it was plain that I was seeking occasion for a quarrel, and therefore I had better suit myself—she would leave that day month; and, although—for I was unwilling to part with her—I allowed her to see that she might stay if she chose, she left when the month was up. After she was gone, I found that the greengrocer, who lived in a neighbouring street, kept a depository and dressing-room for the servants of her customers, where she took charge of their finery, and whither they resorted on holiday occasions to indue it."

We have said that servant-girls have their tempters and abettors out of doors; we must also state that they have their legal advocates, who are always ready to take their suits in hand without a fee, and make no charge unless they obtain a verdict. This queer race of practitioners has arisen since the establishment of the County Courts, where, and where alone, they practise. It is their business to nurse up differences between mistress and maid into open feuds, and then to bring the parties before the judge. It often happens that a lady who has parted with her servant on perfectly civil terms finds herself afterwards dragged before the court on a trumped-up charge, for which there is no foundation whatever; and she has to pay the fictitious debt and costs, because the judge, guided by the evidence alone, must decide accordingly, while the ignorant plaintiff, crammed by the venal lawyer, swears as she is instructed to swear, regardless of the truth.

An instance strikingly illustrative of this legal patronage in the County Courts is communicated by a friend. "I had detected *Jemima*, my housemaid," she writes, "in various little acts of pilfering, and at length had spoken to her on the subject, kindly, but as seriously as I could. She acknowledged her fault, and showed so much contrition that I thought she was reformed; and, as no repetition of the offence occurred for full two months, I congratulated myself that the course I had taken had succeeded so well. But I was to be fatally undeceived. One morning, as if to make up for lost time, finding my desk, as I had inadvertently left it, open in my dressing-room, she abstracted from it a few articles of jewellery and a couple of gold pieces. By mere accident I discovered the loss within an hour after the theft; and, as no one else could possibly be suspected, I summoned her to the parlour, and taxed her with the crime in presence of her master. She had no alternative but confession, or discovery on search by the police, whose immediate interference we threatened. She turned pale, and trembled, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, produced the booty from her pocket, and threw it on the table. 'Was that *all* the money she

had ever taken?" my husband asked sternly, and with a peculiar look. She trembled more, and falteringly confessed to having taken a sovereign from my purse, which had been accidentally left on the mantelpiece three months before. We sent her down stairs, and began to consider anxiously what ought to be done. The girl was not yet nineteen, was vain and pretty, and, to a certain extent, well-mannered. To send her to prison would be to ruin her irretrievably; yet, to let her go unreclaimed would be a public injustice and an infliction of loss on some one else. We decided to send for the mother, and consult with her. The woman came, met her daughter in our presence, and heard our story. Instead of manifesting any grief or even surprise at her child's delinquency, she fired up a resolute virago, burst into a vehement passion, and boldly declared that all we said were lies concocted to ruin her poor girl's character. The daughter stood by, almost as much astonished as we were, and evidently undecided what to do. She would not or could not answer a word to the question I put to her—"Was it true or not that she had stolen, and confessed to stealing, the money and the rings?" She stood amazed, and bewildered, and panting, looking dreamily first at me, then at my husband, then at her raging mother. At length, under the fierce cruel eye of the old woman, she took her resolution, and boldly denied the crime, falling at the same moment into a passion of tears and sobs, and shrieking out a declaration that we wanted to destroy her. My husband, astounded and disgusted with the atrocious hypocrisy of the wretched pair, pulled out his purse and paid the quarter's wages, due on the morrow, deducting the sovereign the girl had confessed to stealing, and sent them out of the house. *Jemima* went off crying bitterly, the mother threatening vengeance. We thought the miserable affair was now ended; but we were woefully mistaken. One of the County Court practitioners, having probably discovered that we had no witnesses, took up the woman's case, sued us for the sovereign, and for a month's wages, and some additional balance claimed, and had a special jury sworn to try the question. He brought a host of witnesses into court to prove the girl's excellent character. Both mother and daughter swore through thick and thin; and the consequence was, that the jury gave a verdict against us. Thus it came to pass that, in return for our leniency towards the wretched thief, we had to pay the sum litigated, with a far greater sum in addition for costs; to submit to a loss of time almost equal in value; and to figure in the public court, with hundreds of eyes upon us, as a brace of heartless monsters conspiring to bring about the ruin of a young and innocent girl."

Such traits as we have set down above point to the grand desideratum in the case of domestic servants—the want, namely, of moral training. In their case no systematic provision has ever been made for this, and yet we expect them to accept responsibilities which are fraught with temptation, and to discharge them faithfully. Looking to all the facts of their case, and especially to their practical isolation from ameliorating influences—an isolation which grows daily more strict and complete as the vast prejudices of society become stronger—the wonder really is that there are so many good, faithful, and honest servants as we find. If we wish to increase the number, we must get rid of the bargain-and-sale notions of so much service and so many pounds wages; we must recognise the fact, which, in spite of our ignoring it, will remain a fact to the end of time, that faithful disinterested service is no more to be bought for money than friendship is to be bought for

money. If we want allegiance we must disseminate kindness, and, while looking for truth and fidelity, must not withhold our sympathy from those of whom we exact obedience.

Considerable stir has lately been made on the subject of servants' characters, and the obligation of employers to give characters to discharged servants, or their liberty to withhold any testimony of the kind. To give a false character is an offence which, in a recent case, has been justly visited with severe punishment. "A barrister," writing to the "Times," has shown that there is no law compelling the employer to give a character, either written or verbal; but this does not settle the question, because, in the absence of a direct law, magistrates, if appealed to, will act as they do in hundreds of other cases, and decide by prescription, by virtue of which the servant will exact a character, although there is no law for it. In truth, it is neither just nor politic to refuse a character to a servant quitting one's service; but care should be taken, if it is reduced to writing, that nothing is set down but what is strictly true. A servant, whatever her faults or defects, should never be lightly discharged, nor even suffered to discharge herself, if possible, without a reasonable cause. In case of serious faults—even in case of dishonesty—it is wiser and better to endeavour patiently to reclaim the defaulter than to send her out, branded as she must be if the truth is spoken, with the mark of shame. Several times in the course of our experience we have seen this good work accomplished by worthy people, who thought no efforts too laborious to save, if it were possible, a thoughtless, ignorant girl from the consequences of her sin—the terrible retribution of society for failings which it takes too little care to prevent. Some of the best servants we have ever known—the most devoted, the most indefatigable, and the most trustworthy—were those who had fallen into temptation and been saved from the sad consequences by the tender consideration of their mistresses, for whom afterwards they would have laid down their lives. In all our dealings with the class it is well to err on the kind and considerate side. It is sad to have to say that the contrary practice—the practice of oppression and cruelty towards servants—has too often disgraced this country, from the days of *Mrs. Brownrigg* to the recent atrocities of *Pump Court*, and has raised the question in many minds whether "man's inhumanity to man" is not excelled in savageness by woman's inhumanity to woman.

SHAKESPEARE.

BY THE REV. JOHN STOUTON, OF KENSINGTON.

MORE than twenty years ago we visited Stratford-on-Avon. Our acquaintance with the little town has not been since revived; but all its principal points of interest in connection with Shakespeare we vividly recollect. The beautiful old church by the river-side, where the bard lies buried; the graceful avenue of trees up to the church door; his bust in the niche upon the chancel wall; the rude carving on the tombstone of those maledictory words which guard the precious remains from sacrilegious assaults; the humble cottage in which he first saw the light—the walls, from the floor to the ceiling, written all over with the names of pilgrims; and *Charlote Park*, the scene of his wild youthful pranks with the deer and the *Lucys*. These are duly photographed in our memory; nor are they likely to be erased but with the obliteration of all the other pictures imprinted there. We have also a most pleasant remembrance of a walk to



Shottery, the village where Ann Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife, was born, and where he spent his courting days. It lies a little way from Stratford, across the meadows; and on reaching it we found the cottage belonging to the Hathaways in all its primitive simplicity, with its cross-timbered lath and plaster walls, its thatched roof, its dormer windows, and its wooden-latched doors. On knocking for admission, a very interesting young woman soon appeared, who, in conversation, informed us that she was descended from the family, and proceeded to show us over the house. There was a little antique furniture in one of the lower and in one of the upper rooms, which we understood from her had been there ever since the time of Shakespeare; and, judging from its appearance, the account seemed true enough. If we remember correctly, there was a bench and a chest below stairs that might have

ANN HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY.

belonged to the poet's days, and which, we learned, were there when he came a-wooing. Certainly, as we stood by the rude open chimney corner, we did not fail to conjure up a vision of him sitting *tête-à-tête* with Mistress Ann, who, if she "had a way" of her own, truly won the great heart of her lover, and kept it through his wanderings to the end. In that very chimney corner, in his hours of plighted troth, when she was



MARY SHAKESPEARE'S COTTAGE AT WILMECOTE.



AVENUE LEADING TO THE CHURCH AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

vexed and cross, he might have said, as he did afterwards—

"For what care I who calls me well or ill?—
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow,
You are my all—the world!"

Then, going up-stairs, this descendant of the Hathaways showed us a room with a very old-fashioned bedstead in it, which, by tradition, if we do not mistake—at least, with a very reasonable imagination—she associated with Shakespeare's Ann; then, again, we were not slow with our fancies, thinking how, perchance, in this little chamber, she slept and dreamed of Will; or how, at eventide, she sat by the open window to watch his longed-for coming.

In the front of the Town Hall there is a full-length statue of Shakespeare, presented by David Garrick. There he is, in a graceful attitude, leaning on a pedestal surmounted by a pile of books, with busts of Henry V, Richard III, and Queen Elizabeth. Upon a scroll are introduced the well-known lines from the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name;"

and, beneath, the words from "Hamlet"—

"Take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."

That statue was erected on the occasion of the jubilee, in

1769, when Garrick took a leading part in the celebration. Celebrations of the kind were not so common in those days as they have since become; but this seems to have created a wide stir in England, and, though criticized rather severely, as meant for the honour of Garrick more than Shakespeare, was looked upon with no little complacency and admiration by the author of "The Task," though not without a touch of humorous burlesque of the theatrical exaggeration of the festival. Cowper was not much given to commemorative festivals; certainly no hero worshipper, in the sense in which that word is sometimes used. He seems to have had no sympathy with such as would worship Garrick, and to have anticipated with no approbation a Garrick's festival; yet he thus speaks of the Stratford festivities:—

"For Garrick was a worshipper himself:
He drew the liturgy, and framed the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worship on the banks
Of Avon famed in song. Ah! pleasant proof
That piety has still in human hearts
Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.
The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreath;
The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance;
The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs;
And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree
Supplied such relics as devotion holds
Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.
So 'twas a hallowed time: decorum reigned,
And mirth without offence. No few returned,
Doubtless, much edified, and all refreshed."

Under the sanction, then, of the Olney Christian poet,

whose lines are suggested to us by the memories of our Stratford visit, we venture to approach a subject which is one of present interest, and has awakened deep sympathy throughout the nation.

It is proposed to hold a national commemoration of Shakespeare. To celebrate events of importance, and the names of those who have left a deep impress on the annals of their country, is just one of those things which men are impelled to do by a kind of instinct. It is not a matter which comes within the domain of logic—it cannot be built up in corner stones of argument. Elaborate reasoning is out of place on such a question, and useless too. As well broach a controversy about keeping birthdays. Sentiment, feeling, the human heart, come in at once to decide the matter, if it be decided at all; and we are persuaded that, where the sensibilities of the soul are unmoved by the memory of greatness, where there is a defect in the capacity of veneration for those mighty spirits which God has caused to walk across the earth, and leave a mysterious shadow which lingers for ages, no Aristotle, however cogent his syllogism, could work conviction. Not a word can be said to satisfy the utilitarian, who asks, "Of what use is it?" But, while the root of all commemorations is in the instinctive feeling of the heart, no doubt reason ought to control the expression of the feeling, and may do something to satisfy the judgment of those who are moved by an inward impulse to honour the departed, and yet also wish to vindicate, at least to themselves, the wisdom of what they do.

This instinct of which we speak has been led astray. Like all the noble passions of the soul, it has been abused. As fungus will attach itself to the noblest trees, so corruptions are found clinging round the most precious affections of the human soul. Festa days, as observed in Italy,—when a whole population turns out in holiday dresses, not merely to have a time of recreation and to commemorate gracefully the virtues of some patriotic and pious man who lived long ago, but to bow down before an image, to gather in crowds on the steps of an altar-shrine, and to offer homage to the dead amounting to idolatry,—afford examples of the worst perversion of natural sentiments such as we have described. Tendencies, no doubt, in such directions need to be watched. Yet Protestants, fully aware of this, and deprecating the idea of any superstitious homage paid to their heroes, have often had celebrations of great men: tercentenaries of the Reformation and the like. Our German brethren have not forgotten to do honour to Luther. Statues of him at Wittenberg and Worms are monuments of that love towards the great spiritual liberator of Europe which glows with so much heat in every Teutonic bosom throughout the length and breadth of that Fatherland where in every hall and hut his name has long been a household word. In this very year there is to be a tercentenary commemoration of Calvin at Geneva. And we have had our celebration of the noble work of Coverdale in the first published English version of the whole Bible. Statues, too, have been reared to the martyrs at Oxford. The same feeling has placed the figure of Watts in Abney Park and of Bunyan in Bunhill Fields. Reason has stood by on all these occasions, the companion of a sentimental reverence, preserving it from any excess whatever.

Is the commemoration of illustrious individuals to be confined to those who have been illustrious in their religious character? Surely not. The instinct we have pointed out is a natural one. It does not spring out of religion as its root. Religion has only transplanted it, and enwreathed its tendrils round those beautiful memories and associations which grow up as trees of life in

the church's garden. It ought not to be killed where first it grew. Springing up as it does out of the human soul, and longing to express by visible symbols its admiration of whatever is noble, beautiful, or tender in humanity, far from crushing it by rude and thoughtless censure, let the helping hand be given to its culture and its training, with, if need be, the pruning knife for wild offshoots. Who can reasonably withhold his sympathy from the simple dwellers all round the lake of the four cantons in their love for the memory of William Tell? Who can stand before the statue of John Howard in St. Paul's Cathedral and not feel there was a fitness in having that block of marble hewed into that form, that there might be embodied before the eyes of Englishmen the ideal of a philanthropist? Thus patriotism and philanthropy claim a homage that may be vindicated, and the outward material form of it has wisdom for its pleader. Nor is the reasonableness any more than the instinct of the thing wanting, when we pass over from the moral to the intellectual.

Genius appears to us worthy of celebration on its own special grounds. When God has raised up a man of wonderful mind, of endowments—not in any merely conventional sense, but in the strictest meaning—rare, and almost unrivalled, so as to leave room for controversy as to rank between him and some half-dozen of the race, if so many—such a man surely, for humanity's sake, and for the sake of His glory who made him what he was, deserves some high meed of honour from posterity. So far from adopting the maxim held by some, that moral and intellectual endowments are one and the same, we utterly eschew the maxim as false and mischievous; still we can appreciate the one as well as the other, in its own sphere and field. We would ever set ourselves to oppose the notion that power is everything in man, that a mind simply filled with calm, earnest, invincible, all-conquering force is therefore a type of moral greatness, that mere intellectual wisdom is always truth; still we feel that power, force, wisdom, in the mental division of our nature, are things which must needs win some tribute of admiration. Cases there are where the moral is so at war with the intellectual that all the beauty of the latter is overcome by it. The mind passes into an eclipse when the character crosses it. Infidelity, and vice too, sometimes degrade a mind of beauty and strength, to such an extent as to make it work most destructively in evil service; and then, however wonderful the genius, reverence is at an end, and we could no more think of paying honour to such an one than to a fallen angel.

Now the proposed commemoration of Shakespeare is intended to relate to him in his character of poet—the great poet of the English nation. Few, we believe, will make the objection that in such a character he does not deserve it. We do not set ourselves the unnecessary task of proving that the Stratford Bard was a most extraordinary genius. It would be very easy to go off into a grand style of declamation, and in a series of rhetorical tropes to set forth how wonderful a being this countryman of ours was; we might also cull line after line out of his works, to indicate his knowledge of human nature, his perception of the sublime and the beautiful in the works of God, his exquisite sensibilities, his imperial imagination, his inexhaustible inventiveness, his range of observation, his breadth of view, his practical wisdom, and all the rest; but it would be superfluous. At the same time let us observe that we think a great many absurd and foolish things have been said about Shakespeare; that he has been exalted to a height just on a level with that from which some of these very idolatrous devotees have sought to pluck down certain

men divinely inspired, who have a right to stand there. His critics, too, have frequently commented on him in a strain which they would call superstitious in the case of one who should so comment on Scripture. There has been an assumption that he is faultless, that he knew everything, and could not err; and it is ludicrous to see how some of his annotators will peddle over words, and contend for meanings, and educe recondite allusions, as if a sort of verbal inspiration was to be found in his productions. He was very great, and beautiful, and wise, but there are plenty of blemishes to be found in his works: some things quite indefensible, others foolish. If he does not nod exactly in the Homeric sense, he is sometimes rather wearisome. And nobody can deny that an expurgated edition, such as that of Bowdler, is preferable for family reading. Yet, after conceding all that, there is enough, and more than enough, left behind to vindicate his claim to that eminence of genius which deserves special celebration. And, as to the moral tendency of his writings, we are persuaded that, when the fashion of free expression on many subjects in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is taken into account; when the aims he evidently has in view in his exhibition of character are considered; when the innumerable passages in his poetry instinct with a spirit of the noblest virtue, and those which breathe the tenderest or sublimest feelings of religion, are reflected on,—the judgment formed by candid and devout people will be that Shakespeare is a great moral teacher.

It is easier to make it plausible that *he does not need* a commemoration than that he does not deserve it. Some say he is too great, too famous, too honoured already to make it reasonable to pay his manes any such tribute as is now proposed. Such an objection would seem to go on the principle that commemorations should be to make obscure men known—to drag out memories from oblivion; that the only required office of this sort, with regard to the departed, is by a trumpet blast to wake up the world to listen to certain before only whispered, or now almost forgotten names. But are not such commemorations rather the expression of the deep instinctive sentiment of reverence inspired long ago, and desiring to give voice to what is felt, and to image forth what has been before conceived? Men have to act till they are widely known and appreciated ere they can be honoured. The monument comes not before, but after the fame. It is the shadow which follows in the wake of acknowledged greatness. Certainly, Shakespeare needs no commemoration, festival, or statue to make him manifest to England or the world, but he may need something of that sort to make manifest the feeling towards him which exists at the present time in England and the world.

The history of the growth of Shakespeare's fame is very curious. He appears to have been indifferent to the fate of his writings while he lived. "He made," as Johnson observes, "no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or to secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state." A quiet life in his native town, repose in "New Place," the favourite house he purchased and improved, would seem to have been his chief ambition, though it is impossible not to ascribe to his wonderfully self-contained nature the consciousness of a future fame, to come after he had left the world. He had, in this respect, the highest attribute of genius. Free from vanity, he was content that the praise of his fellow-creatures should be deferred till he was removed beyond the reach of it. The great popularity of the

poet was slow in coming. It has taken two centuries and more to measure and to gauge what was in this man's mind as revealed in his works. The first edition of them appeared in 1623, seven years after his death. Only three new ones followed in that century. The tide began to set in just a hundred years afterwards. Pope came with his edition, in six quarto volumes, 1725; another followed in ten volumes duodecimo. Editions thickened each decade, and by the end of the eighteenth century numbered fifty-eight. In the nineteenth century 202 appeared. Within the last ten years as many have issued from the English press as amount to almost the same number as the whole printed within one hundred years after the poet's decease.* The next ten years promise, in this respect, to be more prolific than ever. The variety and number of translations, too, attest how wide is the popularity of the great British dramatist abroad. Germany takes the lead in the study and admiration of his writings. France comes next. The criticisms of the former abound, and our Teutonic brethren profess to have a clearer insight into the poet's mind and meaning than we of the Anglo-Saxon race. It strikes us often that these commentators find in Shakespeare what Shakespeare himself never dreamt of—a circumstance, however, quite satisfactory and easy of explanation according to the principles of their transcendental philosophy. However—and that is all we have in view at this moment—the fact of Shakespeare's universal popularity, and the unrivalled extent to which his poetry commands the admiring attention of mankind, is patent to every one; and it is to express this fact, to give some outward and visible sign to it, that the forthcoming commemoration is proposed. Whatever may be said or done on this occasion, we trust there will not be any absurd and extravagant declamation in the spirit of the Garrick Celebration, when Shakespeare was hailed as "a demigod," and was called "the god of our idolatry." Such rant is as childish as it is impious, and what the good sense of England, any more than its religious faith and feeling, would never tolerate.

As to the propriety of any monumental memorial, there must be difference of opinion. Many will recall the lines of Milton when such a proposal was made long ago:—

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great Heir of Fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?"

* Besides these complete editions, a great number of editions of separate plays have been published in England. The following is a list of foreign editions:—German translations—24 complete editions and 208 editions of single plays, published separately; first German translation made 1763-1766. French translations—15 complete editions and 63 of separate plays; first French translation, 1776-82. Italian translations—4 complete editions and 35 of separate plays; 1814-15. Spanish translations—2 editions of "Hamlet," and translated in 1799; 1 of "Romeo and Juliet," translated in 1899. Portuguese translation—1 edition of "Othello," translated 1856. Dutch translations—1 edition, containing 14 plays, and 40 of separate plays; 1778-82. Friesic translations—1 edition of "As You Like It," and 1 of the "Merchant of Venice;" 1829. Danish translations—3 complete editions, and 8 editions of separate plays; 1807-25. Swedish translations—1 complete edition, 1810; 16 editions of separate plays. Bohemian translations—16 editions of separate plays; 1855. Hungarian translations—1 edition, containing 5 plays, 1824; 1 edition of "The Twelfth Night." Polish translations—1 complete edition, 1842; 2 editions, containing 10 plays; 1 edition, containing 6 plays, and 10 editions of separate plays. Russian translations—1 edition, containing 16 plays, and 2 of separate plays; 1841-50. Wallachian translation—1 edition of "Romeo and Juliet," 1849. Romaine, or Modern Greek—1 edition of "Hamlet," and 1 of "The Tempest;" 1855. Bengalee translations—1 edition of "Merchant of Venice," and 1 of "Romeo and Juliet;" 1818. The first translation of one of Shakespeare's plays into a foreign language appears to have been made as early as the year 1599, when "Romeo and Juliet" was translated into Spanish. We are indebted to Bohn's "Bibliographer's Manual" for all this information.

Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument:
 For, whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

—JOHN MILTON, 1630.

If such a memorial is decided upon, the architecture or sculpture will come in for the severest handling of the art critics; will require for its satisfactory execution the utmost wisdom on the part of the committee; must not be allowed to fall into the hands of any clique; and cannot fail to be a disgrace to England's artistic taste if it be not in the highest degree honourable to that national culture in art which has been growing up for the last quarter of a century.

A PAPER ON ALLIGATORS.

Most of us remember to have been told, when children, that the alligator imitated the cry of a child to attract the unwary to their destruction. That fable has long since disappeared, together with many another popular error; still, except by Anglo-Indians, by Nile travellers, and those who have explored tropical America, he is regarded with a much greater amount of dread and disgust than he deserves to be held in; for, when confronted, there is no greater cur than the great American water lizard.

I lived for many years in a country where they were very plentiful, and in the summer months hundreds could be found sunning themselves upon the banks of its mighty rivers, its sluggish bayous, and its quiet woodland lakes.

The female alligator forms her nest of grass upon the bank of some stream, and upon this grass, which she cuts with her teeth, she deposits hereggs, raising the nest with a fresh layer of grass each time she lays her eggs, until it has the appearance of a rather long haystack, usually six feet long by three wide, and three to four high. The heat through which the grass goes, from its being collected green, added to by the great warmth of the southern sun, hatches the eggs in about thirty days. The eggs are covered with a dirty white skin, are flat and oval in form, and, except in size, differ very little from those of snakes or turtles.

The young ones, immediately upon being emancipated from their skinny shell, seek the creek, feeding upon insects, water larvæ, frogs, or any dead animal matter they may happen to find, totally without maternal control or care, the female alligator's duty being strictly confined to the construction of the nest, and placing the eggs in it. I have had no means of knowing whether their growth is quick or the reverse; but I imagine it to be slow, and that the reptile is very long-lived. For many years there was a premium offered in the State of Louisiana to any one who could produce an alligator which should measure fully twenty feet: it was never claimed, though many were very nearly of the required length.

My first intimate acquaintance was made with them on Hall's Bayou, a small stream upon the mainland, about seventeen miles from the city of Galveston, which town is situated upon an island of the same name, extending some thirty miles in length by three wide, and which shuts in Galveston Bay from the Gulf of Mexico, a deep channel admitting vessels from the gulf to the port at its eastern extremity, whilst at the west end there

is a very narrow pass, just separating the island from the mainland.

I had gone with a hunter named Green, who obtained his living by supplying Galveston market with venison and other game, upon a hunting excursion. We had sailed in the little half-decked sloop with which he was accustomed to pass from the mainland to the city to this bayou, and, after proceeding about two miles up the stream, had made our vessel fast to the bank. We had started in different directions to look for deer. After about an hour's ramble, I had succeeded in killing a small yearling doe, which had jumped out of some wild myrtle bushes; this, after disembowelling, I had thrown over my shoulder and returned to the boat. Taking a glass of weak brandy-and-water, I made an awning of the sail, and, tired with my exertions under the fiery sun, to which I was at that time unaccustomed, I lay down upon the deck for a siesta. Too hot and tired to fall sound asleep, and disturbed by the buzzing of numberless insects, who seemed bent upon a thorough investigation of the interior of my ears and nose, as well as evincing a curiosity, which was perhaps pardonable in them, but which I could readily have dispensed with, as to the flavour of an Englishman's blood, I was at last thoroughly aroused from my snatches of the "balmy" by a sharp twitch or two at the skirt of my blouse: that portion of my dress, well saturated with deer's blood, having slipped over the deck, and under the rail which ran around it, was hanging down the side of the boat, and nearly touching the water. Raising myself cautiously up, I looked over the side, and discovered a large alligator trying to scratch down my skirt with its claws, not being able, I suppose, from its position so close to the planks of the boat, to get hold of it with its teeth. Drawing back, I cautiously reached and cocked my gun, and again looked over the rail; but my visitor had taken the hint and disappeared. When my companion Green arrived, which he did in about half an hour, I mentioned what had occurred. Taking his seat in the stern, and cocking his rifle, he told me to take the same position, again letting my skirt hang over the side, which I did. In about a quarter of an hour there was a flash, a sharp whip-like report, and a heavy plunge in the water. The alligator had returned again, and Green had shot it in the eye, when, after a violent plunge or two, and some sharp lashes with its tail, which churned the water into foam, it sank out of sight to die. About a week afterwards we found that the body had floated from the gas generated in it, and had been brought down by the stream, and lodged upon a sand-bank at the mouth of the bayou; we secured the tushes, which are hollow, and, when carved, make very beautiful powder-chargers for rifles.

I was staying on a visit once at a plantation; at the back of the clearing, in the forest, was a very large lake. My host, one very hot July afternoon, proposed that we should take our rifles, and kill some of the alligators with which it was known to abound. A small skiff was carried across from the river, which bounded the plantation, and launched upon the lake; one negro was retained to paddle the skiff, whilst we took our stations in the stern. Paddling quietly along by the shore, we shot twenty-seven, which exhausted our bullets, and we had to return, though numbers were sunning themselves upon the banks; but, amongst all we saw, none, I think, exceeded twelve feet; still, I have frequently killed them fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen feet long.

Hogs fall frequent victims to them, as the porkers seek the muddy margins of these forest lakes and streams to wallow in the mud, where they are easily surprised and caught by the alligators.

The alligators frequently travel for miles across the forest or prairie from one stream to another; and I have, in my hunting excursions, often surprised them, when I knew there was not a drop of water within three miles. I found one once about two hundred yards from a lake, sunning himself upon a high white sandbank. He was about eleven feet long, and, I think, was fast asleep. Taking my gun in my left hand, and a stout cedar bough, about as thick as my wrist, in my right, I got between him and the water. I recalled his attention to the cares and troubles of waking life by a poke on the nose. He opened his jaws a little way, and hissed at me for all the world like an old gander, and at once began to advance, not, I believe, to attack me, but to gain the water. Two or three hearty thumps on his nose, however, brought him to a halt, and he opened his great jaws, disclosing a very formidable assortment of teeth, and brought them together with a clash that sounded like two quoits suddenly struck against each other. Once, when he opened his mouth, I thrust the pole into it, and he crushed the cedar into fragments like matches. I was obliged to put an end to my experiment as to how much irritation would be sufficient to make him act on the offensive, by blowing his head to pieces with my gun, for my dog made her appearance. She had been chasing something in the forest, and I was afraid the alligator might injure her; and poor Rose was of too much value to me in those wilds to risk any injury happening to her.

Little negro children have been known, on three or four occasions, to have been caught; but I never heard of a full-grown man, either white or black, having been killed by them.

On the San Jacinto river there was a dog belonging to the ferryman in whom familiarity had bred contempt, as the old writing-copy had it. He had very often been chased by them, but, by barking and showing a bold front, he had held them at bay; nor did he ever hesitate to cross the river.

A few years ago, before the present war commenced, a firm at Galveston had begun the manufacture of their skins into leather for boots and shoes; it was said to be very tough, yet pliable and enduring, and, above all, waterproof. I have seen them worn by some of the planters, though I never had any myself.

Small alligators were often caught and sold to the captains of vessels trading to the port of Galveston, who carried them off to dispose of to zoological societies.

Alligators, snakes, lizards, scorpions, centipedes, and the other reptiles common to tropical countries, which are supposed by Europeans to be such dreadful neighbours, are little heeded by the inhabitants, who trouble their heads but little about them.

RECENT AFRICAN EXPLORATIONS.

CHAPTER V.

THE course of the principal rivers is a matter of paramount importance in the geography of a country. The direction of the watercourses affords an excellent mark for judging the elevation and sloping of the surface; it determines to a certain degree the fertility of the soil, the character of its plants and animals, and has a great influence upon its inhabitants with regard to their manners, history, and progress in civilization. The rivers are the natural highroads for the export of native and the import of foreign productions. One would accordingly think that, in the exploration of a country, the first efforts must be directed towards ascertaining the course of its principal rivers.

But this has not always been the case. A great deal had been done in the exploration of Africa when the course of the river Niger, and even the spot where it discharges its waters into the ocean, were unknown to Europeans, while it was a well-established fact that a city on its banks had been for more than three centuries the emporium of African commerce. "It certainly appears singular," says the author of the work quoted in the foot-note,* "that, until a comparatively recent date, no one even hinted at its (the Niger's) real termination. The numerous large bodies of fresh water falling into the Bights of Benin and Biafra have long been familiarly known, yet their source was never inquired after; and, although very slight consideration would have shown that, evidently closely connected as all these are, they must flow from some great river in the interior, it was not until 1808 that Reichard, judging from the vast amount of alluvial deposits, first suggested the Rio Formosa as the outlet of the Kwóra, an idea since proved to be partially true." But the mouth of the Kwóra, or Niger, was not discovered before the end of 1831, when the brothers Lander, "at the expense of much risk and suffering, navigated the river from Yáwri to the sea, thereby proving the existence of an available water communication with the heart of the African continent." (Baikie, p. 2.)

Dr. Baikie's work contains an able sketch of the progress which discovery has made since that time. While referring the curious reader to his book, we will only quote another short passage from it, to connect the author's exploring voyage with that of Dr. Barth. "In 1852 the question was again started, in consequence of intelligence received from Dr. Barth, who, the sole but undaunted survivor of a party which had two years before crossed the Great Desert, had boldly journeyed to the southward, to endeavour to reach the province of Adamáwa."

A new expedition was accordingly planned by our government, and carried out at the expense of the public, its two objects, prominently mentioned in the Admiralty instructions, being first to explore the river Bénúwé from Daybo, the point reached by Allen and Oldfield in 1833, as far to the eastward as possible; and, secondly, to endeavour to meet and to afford assistance to Drs. Barth and Vogel. The Admiralty charged Mr. Macgregor Laird, who, from his own trading experience, knew the river Niger and its neighbourhood, with building and equipping a suitable vessel. The iron screw schooner "Pleiad" was accordingly built in the yard of Mr. John Laird at Birkenhead, being of 200 tons measurement, 100 feet in length, with 24 feet beam, and an engine of 60 horse-power. A sailing master, surgeon, officers and crew were provided for her by Mr. Laird, and she was sent out to Fernando Po, where the officers appointed by government were to join her. Mr. Laird, being permitted by his agreement with the Admiralty to trade with the natives whenever it was practicable, provided a well-assorted cargo, and sent out persons specially to attend to these commercial transactions. The "Pleiad," having made a satisfactory trial trip across the Irish Channel, departed from Dublin on the 20th of May, 1854.

The conduct of the expedition was intrusted to Mr. Beecroft, her Majesty's Consul at Fernando Po, a naval officer of experience, who had navigated the rivers Niger and Bénúwé before. The author of our narrative, Dr.

* Baikie (W. B.), "Narrative of an Exploring Voyage up the Rivers Kwóra and Binne (commonly known as the Niger and Tsadda) in 1851. London: Murray, 1856."

Baikie, was appointed Medical Officer and Naturalist. An assistant surgeon was to have accompanied him, but could not be spared on account of the Crimean war. After having received his instructions, and being amply provided with instruments and other naval outfits, our author left England by the African mail packet on the 24th of May, 1854, and arrived, after a voyage of thirty-two days, at Clarence, in Fernando Po, where the "Pleiad" arrived some days after him.

The appointed commander of the expedition, Mr. Consul Beecroft, had died; and our author, being the naval officer next to him in seniority, resolved that the expedition should be carried out, although the Admiralty instructions contained no particular provisions for the event of Mr. Beecroft's decease. Mr. D. J. May, Second Master of H.M.S. "Crane," offered to accompany the expedition, and obtained the consent of his captain.

The "government party" consisted accordingly of Dr. Baikie and Mr. May, some assistants, servants, and interpreters. The expedition was, besides, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Crowther, a negro missionary clergyman from Lagos, and his servant. Mr. Macgregor Laird had, in pursuance of his commission, provided the ship with a sailing-master, three mates, a surgeon, three engineers, one supercargo, a steward, three black firemen, three interpreters, a cooper, a carpenter, four coloured seamen, two boys, and thirty-three Krúmen; in all, twelve Europeans and fifty-three persons of colour.

The "Pleiad" left Clarence on the 8th, and crossed the Nun mouth of the river Niger on the 12th of July. The expedition travelled up the river Niger about two hundred and thirty miles, to the confluence with the Bénwé, and entered this latter river. They had not yet gone far upwards, when the sailing-master appointed by Mr. Laird stated that he considered it impossible for the ship to proceed any further. Dr. Baikie, the medical officer, made him repeat that opinion in the hearing of witnesses, and then told him that he completely differed from him, and would, accordingly, relieve him from the charge of the vessel, taking the whole responsibility of her conduct upon himself. After a few fruitless objections, which were not supported by any of the other officers, the sailing-master, Mr. Taylor, was obliged to give way, and to resign his share in the conduct of the vessel into the hands of Dr. Baikie.

After having arrived at the confluence of the Bénwé with the Niger, on August 5th, our exploring party went up the river Bénwé as far as Gurowa, which is at about three hundred miles distance from the confluence, and was reached by them on September 22nd. The sailing-master had left the sails of the steamer in Clarence (Fernando Po), and supplied the vessel with axes and cutting implements of such inferior quality that the crew had great difficulty in providing her with wood enough to keep up the steam. This was the more inconvenient, since, by another neglect of that officer, there were no spirits, and insufficient provisions on board; and, in default of other food, the hardy good-tempered Krúmen were fed entirely on rice, and had been kept on rather small rations. From all these causes scurvy began to show itself among the men; besides, the trees to furnish them with fuel for the steam-engine were getting scarcer in the upper part of the river. The explorers resolved, therefore, not to proceed further with the steamer. In order to reach the point where the Faro sheds its waters into the Bénwé, Dr. Baikie and Mr. May took a boat, selected five Krúboys, a Sierra Leone man as interpreter, and

their cook, and shipped victuals for a journey of three or four days, including some quinine wine, which, as Dr. Baikie states, with good authority, should be considered as indispensable on such excursions. They advanced about thirty miles upwards, as far as Dulti, whence they returned after a three days' journey, being, in their estimation, still at from fifty to sixty miles distance from the Faro. They met the "Pleiad" some thirty miles downwards from Gurowa, and, continuing their return voyage, crossed the Nun bar of the Niger, and arrived at Clarence on November 7th. We can spare no space for describing the country, the characteristic differences in the national character of the tribes who live on the banks of these rivers, or the peculiarities of the national or individual costume, from that of Prince Tshúkuma in Abo, who, with a sword in his hand, wore a chimney-pot hat, soldier's dress-coat, tight inexpressibles, but no boots nor shoes, being entirely unacquainted with such a luxury, down to the poor wretches whose garments, after a really Paradisaical fashion, consist in a few large green leaves. We must limit ourselves to stating that along the two rivers paganism prevails, except where the Pulo, or Fellatah, a conquering Mohammedan tribe, of which we have spoken before, have made their inroads; that most of the nations, or rather their princes, were very glad to enter into trade negotiations with white men, and ready to receive teachers; that the most intelligent and industrious of the negroes our travellers have met live near the mouth of the river Bénwé, while, towards the upper part of that river, industry and refinement gradually disappear, until the wretched Baibai are reached, reputed cannibals, and who at any rate were not refined enough to adopt the selfish motives of a tradesman, pretty generally prevalent throughout Africa, for sparing the lives of foreigners. Our travellers effected some narrow escapes by throwing glittering trifles in the midst of the surrounding crowds, and shoving off while the astonished multitudes were engaged in eagerly examining the trinkets, and before they had made up their mind as to the course to pursue with regard to the donors. Thus, induced by motives both of humanity and sound policy, the travellers, with great circumspection, avoided conflicts and bloodshed.

Agreeably to the Admiralty instructions, Dr. Baikie spared no exertions to learn the whereabouts of Drs. Barth and Vogel; but he was not successful, some rumours of two white travellers who had crossed the Bénwé probably referring to Fellatahs, who are of a light yellowish complexion, and often called "white men" by the natives.

Not a single death occurred during the whole journey, and in so far a great deal was done in mitigating the bad character that has been given to the river Niger. Dr. Baikie is of opinion that the free use of quinine as a prophylactic agent protected his crew against the bad effects of the unwholesome exhalations, and that the cases of scurvy with which a part of them were afflicted could have been avoided by the ship being better provided with provisions, especially spirits.

At Clarence Dr. Baikie made the acquaintance of King Peppel of Bonny, who, having been involved in some differences with his subjects in 1854, was prevailed upon by the late Mr. Consul Beecroft to come over to Clarence. "He had, however, been kept since, it is said, in accordance with orders from England, as a kind of prisoner at large, of which he was well aware, but against which he urgently remonstrated." This King Peppel was a rather shrewd man, and the short account Dr. Baikie gives of this specimen of negro monarch is highly interesting.

The island Fernando Po, which was taken possession of by Spain in 1778, and abandoned in 1782, garrisoned by Britain in 1827, and abandoned in 1834, at last occupied by Spain again in 1843, which Power holds it to the present day, is, by our traveller, described as one of the most productive and finest countries on earth. "This fine island is at present almost running to waste, its capabilities disregarded, and its soil uncultivated; and it is sad to think that, under the rule of its present possessors, no improvement is likely to take place. How our government was ever advised to so mad an action as to give up Fernando Po I cannot imagine; but it is said on the coast that, among other influences at work, was the fear of those interested in Sierra Leone, who, dreading a rival, thus sacrificed public interest to private jealousy. Whenever trade is established by the Kwóra with Central Africa, as must happen ere long, the value of this despised place will be more easily estimated. Situated within a convenient distance of the mouths of the rivers, with good harbours and easy of access, it must become the grand dépôt of trade for the Bight of Biafra, and a great emporium of commerce. Comparatively healthy, too, compared with the coast opposite, it will prove an excellent station for sick and for convalescents, as, by means of the mountain, any desirable climate may be commanded."

Dr. Baikie departed from Clarence for England on November 28th. At Lagos he parted with Mr. Crowther, the black missionary and clergyman, of whom he speaks with the highest respect. "It was with a feeling almost of regret that I separated from this excellent and upright clergyman, who, by his amiability, and the unostentatious yet conscientious manner in which he performed his duties, had endeared himself to all on board the 'Pleid.' Personally, I was greatly indebted to him for his sound advice and ready assistance, both ever ready when required. To my mind he typically represents the true African missionary; and, were there only plenty of Mr. Crowthers, the work of regeneration and improvement would doubtless progress; for it is to the efforts of such single-minded, yet earnest and sensible men, that we must humanly trust for success."

On the other hand, the party were joined at Lagos by the Bishop of Sierra Leone, Mr. Vidal, "an ardent and a distinguished philologist; no one could have been more adapted for an African see, where every few miles introduced the traveller to a new dialect, and where most of the languages are yet unstudied and unwritten." Bishop Vidal, though in tolerably good health at that time, by travelling along a pestiferous mangrove creek near Lagos, had contracted the seeds of a fatal fever, against which the medical treatment of Dr. Beecroft, the careful nursing of his friends, were of no avail. He died on board ship on Sunday, the 24th of December. "By the death of Bishop Vidal, which took place ere he had well reached the prime of life, Africa lost a firm and zealous friend—one never weary of well-doing, and who never spared himself where he thought that the welfare of her people was concerned. Had he been longer spared, it cannot be doubted but that signal advances would have taken place in the right direction, and that the tenure of the occupant of our first episcopal see in Western Africa would have corresponded with an important era in its civilization. His ideas were not those of a lordly prelate surrounded by pomp and seeking for worldly renown, but he was in very deed a true missionary bishop, into whose hands had been committed the care and guidance of an important yet struggling section of the Church; and his heartfelt desire was, that he might be enabled to render the highest account of his stewardship."

In speaking of that part of the western coast of Africa which is inhabited by the Krúmen, our author says:—"The coast from Cape Palmas westward is known as the Krú-coast, and is the native land of that hardy and valuable race of men who are the true sailors of Western Africa. They comprise several distinct tribes, which differ much among themselves, though agreeing in general appearance, in manners, and, to a great extent, in dialect. Two races are always distinguished—the true Krúmen and the Fishmen, the latter, perhaps, the more available for civilized purposes. Though in features typically negro, they are generally above middle stature, often tall, beautifully proportioned, and with muscles splendidly developed, enabling them to stand great fatigue, and to perform feats of almost Herculean strength. They begin to go to sea when young, at first under a head man, until they advance in years, etc., when they in turn become head men, and take charge of others. A Krúman works until he can purchase a sufficient number of wives to look after him, labour for him, and so keep him independent. They are much attached to their country, and if long away from it pine extremely. When a vessel wants Krúmen, she lies-to off one of their towns, and is in a very short time surrounded by canoes, which are brought off with the greatest neatness and dexterity in the roughest weather. A crew is soon selected, the pay arranged, a month's wages allowed in advance, and all is settled. . . . Krúmen allow no slavery among themselves; their domestic slaves they purchase from the Bása people, who procure them from the interior. They will only buy children, and are very kind to their slaves, who are often hardly to be distinguished from free men. . . . They are all heathens, believing in fetishes, and wearing gréegries, or charms, a very favourite one being the claw of a leopard. The whole country, as far as Cape Palmas, is in connection with the republic of Liberia, or, as I heard it explained in Monrovia, the 'republic claims territorial jurisdiction, which right has been acquired by purchase, or by treaty.'"

With regard to the Negro-Republic Liberia, established in 1823 by the American Colonization Society, formerly a dependency of the United States, but recognised as an independent republic since July, 1848, Dr. Baikie says:—"With Monrovia I was agreeably disappointed; for from previous accounts I had expected to find a very so-so place, rather on the decline than otherwise. From what I have observed, I have great faith in this young Republic, which will some day, when the worn-out dynasties of savage tribes are forgotten, and when advancing civilization and Christianity have smoothed the asperities of barbarous customs and bloody rites, strongly assert the claims of the African to be admitted into the fellowship of his more fortunate brethren, and assist him in substantiating his rights as an integral, a free member of the vast human family. As might be expected, the Liberians are very American in their manners and mode of expression, but are at the same time anything but deficient in Yankee shrewdness and energy."

On the 26th December the ship in which our traveller returned anchored at Sierra Leone. Dr. Baikie and Mr. May were hospitably received by the Englishmen residing in that place. "It soon became known that the officers who had been on the expedition up the great river had returned, and many of the natives called, partly to have the news, partly to inquire what prospect there was of another expedition, and of their being enabled to return to their own countries." After enumerating the number of the visitors, and detailing the

several tribes to which they belonged, the narrative goes on: "I have by me the lists of names of all these, and I ascertained that they represented the desires of from 1500 to 2000 persons. The tenor of conversation was much the same with all; they were most desirous of revisiting and settling in the lands of their birth, carrying with them civilized habits and Christian doctrines. They said they wished to have with them teachers to instruct their children, as they themselves had been instructed, and they concluded by asking if the 'land was good,' meaning thereby if peace prevailed, and if they would be well received." "As to the countries near the Kwóra and Binué, I gave these people all the information I could; but, as to whether they could be assisted in returning to these regions, I could of course give no reply. All I could do was to promise to represent their wishes in England, and to endeavour to promote them as far as possible."

Dr. Baikie reached Plymouth on the 3rd of February, 1855, after a voyage from Fernando Po of sixty-seven days.

How important the results of this exploring voyage are for the commerce of England will best be seen from a specification of articles of export. These articles are enumerated in a despatch from Dr. Baikie to Lord Malmesbury, namely: 1, palm-oil; 2, shea butter, analogous to, but more valuable than, palm-oil; 3, palm kernels; 4, camwood; 5, cotton of excellent quality; 6, ground nuts; 7, indigo; 8, gum; 9, pepper; 10, timber; 11, ivory; 12, hides. And the writer says farther—

"The whole of this interior trade particularly recommends itself, being a barter trade, and not requiring money payment, but taking in exchange goods chiefly made in Manchester, Glasgow, etc."

The export of palm kernels is greatly increasing. A letter inclosed in the above despatch, from a Mr. Heddle, who carries on commercial enterprises on an extensive scale at Sierra Leone, shows that the quantity exported from that colony, chiefly to France, and partly to the United States of North America, was, in the year 1850, 4096, and, after a steady increase, in the year 1856, 90,282 bushels. From a passage in Dr. Baikie's narrative, page 249, it appears, however, that the oil prepared from the kernel is of a better quality than the common palm-oil (from the covering of the nut), and duly appreciated by the Africans.

With regard to the cotton of Central Africa, it has been stated in the Memorial of the Cotton Supply Association to the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, "that cotton, of quality equal to that from New Orleans, is extensively cultivated in the countries traversed by the navigable streams Niger and Tschadda."

The commercial importance of Central Africa has been duly appreciated by the Government and Parliament of England. Several other exploring expeditions have been sent out to the Niger and Bénúwé, under the able command of Dr. Baikie, the House of Commons liberally granting the expenses. A "Despatch of Dr. Baikie, in command of the Niger Expedition," addressed to the Earl of Malmesbury, and dated March 2nd, 1859, says:—"These regions are without doubt the richest in Africa, and those which yield the articles most in demand in England, especially the oil-palm, the tree-butter (rapidly becoming as valuable as palm-oil), cotton, gum, indigo, dye-woods, peppers, wax, ivory, hides. To insure a free passage to these territories, the mouths of the Niger and the Port of Lagós must be insured to us." The despatch concludes—"Africans, all naturally traders, are never more contented than when buying and selling; and it but needs well-directed exertion and skilful training to turn these now wild races into useful auxiliaries and valuable friends."

Varieties.

INFLUENCE OF WEATHER ON THE RATE OF MORTALITY IN THE CITY OF LONDON.—During the month of January there were 402 deaths in the City, the average number for the corresponding period of the last eight years being but 325. At the close of the year the weekly mortality in the City was only 52, but, with the setting in of the weather in the first week of the year, when the thermometer fell 15 degrees below freezing point, and the mean temperature was 9 degrees below the average for the season, the mortality rose to 102 in the week. There has been no such a death-rate in the City since the month of January, 1861, when, in like manner, the cold weather caused a mortality of 405 in the month. Then, as now, the temperature suddenly fell to 11 degrees below the weekly average, and the number of deaths quickly rose from 50 to 95 in the week. The chief increase in the mortality was among children and old persons. One week, of 67 deaths, 19 were among children of less than five years of age, and 28 were among persons of sixty and upwards.

SACRED SONG.—Bishop Jewell, writing to Peter Martyr, March 5th, 1560, says:—"Religion is now somewhat more established than it was. The people are everywhere exceedingly inclined to the better part. Ecclesiastical and popular music has very much conduced to this result; for as soon as they had once commenced to sing publicly in only one little church at London, immediately not only the other neighbouring churches, but even the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the same practice. At times, you may see, at Paul's Cross, after sermon, six thousand persons, old and young, of both sexes, singing together and praising God. This sadly annoys the priests and the devil, for they see that, by these means, the sacred discourses sink more deeply into men's minds, and that their kingdom is shaken and shattered at almost every note."

ARY SCHEFFER'S PICTURE "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR."—He brought home a picture, which had strongly touched his religious sensibilities. This was Dupont's engraving of Ary Schaeffer's "Christus Consolator," which he had recently bought, and left to be mounted and framed. The engraving first caught his eye, as he told me, in the window of a German shop in Broadway, and he then gazed at it until the tears gathered in his eyes, without knowing whose it was. Finding it was from Schaeffer, he went in at once and bought it, and ordered it to be framed. After tea he took mallet and chisel, and proceeded to unbox it. It was indeed an exquisite thing, full of the deepest sentiment; and, as Mr. Irving continued to look at it, the tears started again to his eyes. He thought he had never seen anything half so affecting—"there was nothing superior to it in the world of art;" then he burst out into an expression of regret at not having seen more of Schaeffer.—"Life of Washington Irving," by his Nephew.

NEGRO LABOUR.—There is not a tittle of evidence to show that the aversion of the negro to labour is naturally stronger than that of any other branch of the human family. So long as he is compelled to work for the exclusive benefit of a master he will be inclined to evade his task by every means in his power, as the white man would do under similar circumstances; but emancipate him, and subject him to the same motives which act upon the free white labourer, and there is no reason to believe he will not be led to exert himself with equal energy.—*Professor Cairnes's "Slave Power."*

FOREIGN COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF NEW YORK FOR 1863.—In comparison with the previous year, the returns show a large increase in every department except that of gold. This falls off at New York, as well as the receipts from California, while from San Francisco the direct export to Europe, *via* Isthmus, was unusually heavy. This change in the trade in gold, it will be recollected, was made early in the year, because of the threatened depredations of the rebel pirates on the Atlantic side.

	1863.	1862.
Import of foreign goods	Dols. 187,431,000	Dols. 173,862,000
Less re-exported	6,361,000	7,755,000
Total for this market	Dols. 181,070,000	Dols. 166,107,000
Customs duties	53,921,000	52,259,000
Export of produce	163,350,000	149,178,000
Export of bullion	49,754,000	60,438,000
Import of bullion	1,419,000	1,391,000
Bullion from California	11,847,000	25,010,000

—*New York Paper.*